

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

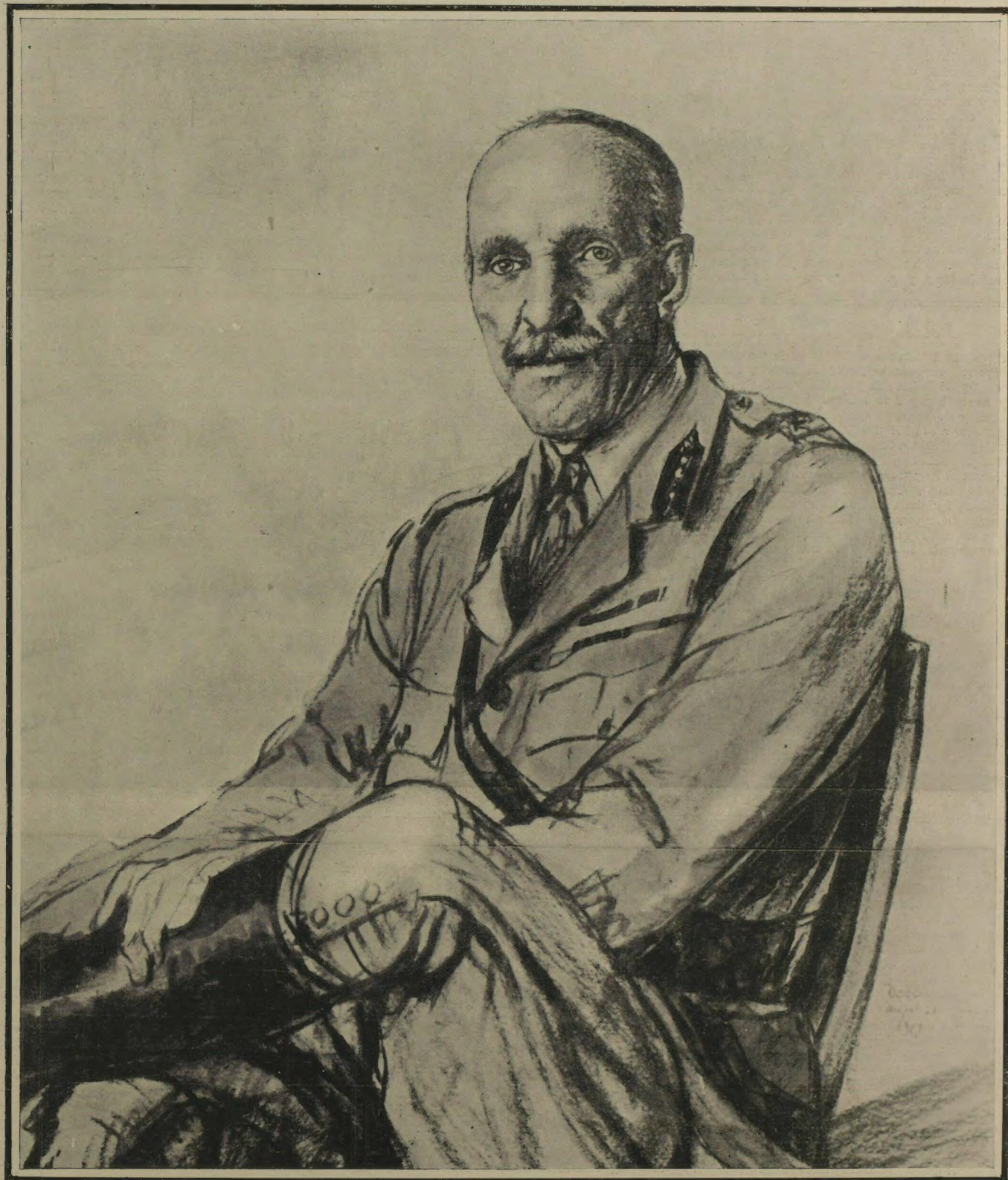
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NINEPENCE.

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THE NEW CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: GENERAL SIR HENRY H. WILSON, K.C.B., D.S.O.,
AN EXPERT ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

If at the time of the outbreak of the Great War Sir Henry Wilson's name was unfamiliar to the public, he was professionally held in the highest regard at Army Headquarters as a soldier of exceptionally brilliant talents and attainments. A former Commandant of the Staff College, like Sir William Robertson, he was (and is) specially a *persona gratissima* with the French General Staff in Paris, to whom he was previously intimately known in connection with various military matters. This very interesting

fact in regard to the new Chief of the Imperial Staff is recorded: It is stated that "during a period of twenty-five years before the war he practically spent all his holidays cycling up and down what is now the Western Front." The parallel with the acquaintanceship of Hindenburg with the Masurian section of the Eastern Front in the first Russian Campaign is noteworthy. Last November Sir Henry became British Member of the Allied Military Council at Versailles.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY FRANCIS DODD, OFFICIAL ARTIST.

HOW TO USE YOUR MEAT CARD.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE first thing to keep in mind is that there are two distinct sorts of meat rations—those for butcher's meat, and those for game, poultry, and the like. The one has a basis of cost, and the other a basis of weight, and speaking generally, only three out of each person's four coupons may be used for butcher's meat, on which you may not spend more than 1s. 3d. in any one week. You may use all or any of the coupons for the purchase of equivalents for butcher's meat, and on those there is no restriction as to cost; but the weight of each portion must not be more than the equivalent of 5 oz. of uncooked butcher's meat, with the average bone. It is all really quite simple. You must not purchase more than fifteen-pennyworth of meat at the butcher's in the week. On the other hand, you may, if you choose, live entirely, as regards flesh, on game, rabbit, venison, horse, bacon, ham, and sausage, and for any of these you may pay what you please, but you are limited as to weight. Of all birds, uncooked, sold without feathers, and with the offal, you may have 12½ oz. for each coupon; if sold without the offal, 9 oz.; if cooked, 6 oz. Of rabbit or hare, the proportions, reckoning the skin in the same way as a bird's feathers, are 10 oz., 7½ oz., and 5½ oz., respectively. Of venison or horse-flesh, uncooked, and sold with the bone, your coupon will give you 6 oz., or 5 oz. without the bone. If sold cooked with bone, the amount permitted is 4 oz.; if without bone, 3 oz. Of bacon or ham uncooked and with the bone, you may have 4 oz.; if without the bone, 3 oz. If the same articles are sold

cooked without the bone, the amount is 2½ oz.; if with the bone, 3 oz.

Sausages and all tinned or preserved meats stand in a class by themselves. Of first-quality sausages, containing not less than 67 per cent. of butcher's meat, you may have 6 oz.; of second-class sausages, containing not less than 50 per cent., you may have 8 oz. Of all preserved meats, the quantity allowed is 2½ oz., reckoned according to the actual weight of the meat contained in the glass or tin; and in meat pies, cooked sausages, sandwiches, and so forth, you may have the same quantity of actual meat.

Elsewhere in this number is a reproduction of the meat cards for adults and children under ten. The child's portion is one-half that of the adult.

Having got her card, what is the housewife to do with it? She should register it with the family butcher, but she is not bound to buy anything except butcher's meat from him, and may get all or any of the equivalents where she pleases, only, of course, parting with a coupon for each purchase. Each coupon on the adult's card is divided by a thin black line. That is for the convenience of anyone who wishes to have a meat meal outside, and does not want to use up a whole coupon. The half coupon may be used for a half portion, and the other half kept for the family, or another day. You must not tear off coupons (whole or part) yourself, for loose coupons are of no value, and the whole of so much of the meat card as is unused must be produced at every purchase.

It will be found most convenient for the holder to

register with his or her ordinary butcher, and there is no objection to handing the whole card over to him to detach the coupons as purchases are made. But there is no obligation to register with any one retailer rather than another, even in those cases where the cards have been issued through retailers who have put their names on the forms. It will not, as a rule, be prudent for the housewife to leave her household's cards with the butcher, for she is very likely to want other flesh food than he can supply, or her menfolk may wish to lunch or dine out, and if all the cards are at the butcher's there will be complications.

The quantities are small, but they are the utmost the supply of meat in the country will permit, and it will be noticed that, by placing poultry and so forth on a basis of weight and not cost, Lord Rhonda has guarded against a run on butcher's meat alone. Now people who can afford it may spend what they like on game and poultry, but in quantity they cannot get more to eat of any kind of flesh than their poorer neighbours. Family men who have to take some of their meals outside will be well advised to omit meat from such meals, and leave the housewife with all their coupons.

As regards the Food Cards, they will at the outset be used for the purchase of butter and margarine only, and for the present will entitle the holder to buy 4 oz. of either or both combined weekly. These cards should be registered with a grocer, and it will be his duty to mark off the squares for each week as he supplies the fats.

RAID PSYCHOLOGY: DOLLS VERSUS GOTHAS.

By E. B. OSBORN.

LONDONERS have a right to a few words of praise, even from one of themselves, for the cool courage they have shown during the Gotha raids. They have at any rate set a fine example of the equanimity that springs from the self-control of an aristocratic race (all Englishmen are aristocrats, according to Goldwin Smith, who denied the existence of a *bourgeoisie* in England) to the aliens in their midst who have not long escaped from servitude in the East End of Europe. The sight of Russian refugees stampeding for the shelters the moment they hear the reverberating sound of the muzzles, so very different from the acid noise of anti-aircraft guns or the angry crash of a bomb, has subtly ministered to the Londoner's consciousness of inherited discipline and keen sense of insular superiority. He judges these servile, panic-stricken folk charitably enough. "Poor fellows, they can't help it," he says to himself—a saying comparable with that of the soldiers who observe with a smile, "It's Fritz—he knows no better," when some civilian Rhodanthus reminds them of the unspeakable atrocities committed according to order by the very men to whom a share of their rations has been given.

But there is another psychological factor in the Londoner's imperturbability. He finds a real access of profound happiness in the certainty that he is now living on a kind of a front. "Dad's happy now," said a young officer to his friend when he had finished devouring the budget of letters from home, what time the small and sizzle of bacon frying filled their dug-out; "his study-

window was broken by a bomb-splinter, and he says he's in the war too." "And so he is," replied his stable-companion. Again, the Londoner will sometimes confess to a feeling of sheer exultation at the majestic clangour of the barrage fire over his far-listening city. It is an emotion definitely felt, not easily defined by the amateur psychologist. Perhaps the two chief ingredients are gladness at a break in the humdrum routine of town-life (it is *not* romance that brings up the 9.15 to the Mansion House), and that inextinguishable love of living, dangerously which makes adventurers of us all when opportunity offers. Clausewitz, no doubt, would have approved of Gotha raids as a means to the end of gaining opinion—i.e., bringing the enemy into a mood favourable to submission. But neither Clausewitz nor any of his German disciples ever had the chance of studying the way the English mind reacts to the danger it secretly esteems as the very spice of living.

But a price has to be paid, after all, for the equanimity which is a compound of moral and physical courage. Doctors say that the Londoner suffers more than the alien from the after effects, sometimes amounting to a mild form of shell-shock, of the nocturnal bombardments. The truth is that fear—or rather, the free expression of it—is often a psychological safety-valve. After a raid night the timorous alien eats his breakfast as usual. But thousands of his not altogether willing hosts suffer from stomachic troubles which are a source of discomfort, or even worse, for several days. Cases of the neurasthenia known as

shell-shock are not infrequent among adults; they occur more often with men than with women. But it is the children whose nerves are most sadly shocked by the barrage fire. Almost always they show courage beyond all praise at the time. The little girl who got out of bed during a Zeppelin raid and shook her tiny fist at the dark, starry sky and remarked "I ain't afraid of a silly balloon fink," is but one of a myriad minute heroes and heroines. But the after-effects often take the form of a silent hysteria, which can only be cured by specific treatment. Parents who can afford it send their children into raidless regions. That, unfortunately, is a remedy beyond the means of most Londoners. But the medical authorities assure us that a specific cure for raid-sickness in a child is often to be found in prescribing—a new toy! A doll, to a little sparrow-girl who has never had one, is by far the most wonderful thing that ever happened. Raids are clean forgotten in the bland light of a doll's blue eyes. Clasp this Aeginetan symbol of the babe in her soul, when next the Gothas invade our sky, the child protects it against the bombs, and fears no more for herself the barrage fire and its vast reverberations. Let us, then, mobilise all the old, unwanted dolls (and other curious toys too) to help win this war of the nerves in which no form of spiritual energy—least of all latent motherhood—should be left unused. It would be easy to arrange a plan of distribution in the areas of flimsy tenement houses and jerry-built cottages which suffer most from the raids.

STRAFING A FRITZ.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON.

LIKE a giant swan, the seaplane soared upwards, leaving behind her on the water a zig-zagged track of white foam, showing the course she had steered in her "taxiing" to clear the steep bluffs which locked the little harbour which was her base. Up she went, till her pilot and observer appeared like toy men to the watchers on shore—till she herself was a speck in the distance.

Below her, like a well-ordered procession, appeared at precise intervals certain ships, some with the in ignia of neutral nations blazoned on their sides in vain attempt to prevent the Hun in the *Unterseeboote* murdering them as combatants, some—flatly defiant and unafraid, these—with no marks of nationality save the Red Duster of Britain's Merchant Navy flaunting at their sterns. And, sinister shapes, deep down in the water, completely hidden, were the forms of two E-boats, keeping pace and distance with the cargo-carriers, ready and eager to deal with Fritz whenever he chanced to make his presence known.

A squat drifter, garnering mines from the depths, turned an inquiring telescope and the muzzle of an anti-aerial gun in the seaplane's direction; the observer, seated behind the pilot, with his telephone headpiece strapped into place, made certain signs and laughed. An inquisitive torpedo-boat, hurrying along also in his direction, laughed as well, and sharply swerved on another course, satisfied that this was no Hun-bird manœuvring under false colours.

Presently the seaplane sighted a wondrous collection of ships—low-footed trawlers, sweeping for

U-boats; perky little motor-boats, darting hither and thither as they tried to fluv from his covert a suspected U-boat; stately, waspish-looking destroyers, hovering on the edge of the pack, ever ready to dash in and kill whatever fox might break covert and attempt to fight, at bay, for his life.

A tap on the wireless key, a buzz in the observer's receiver, and the senior destroyer acknowledges the advent of this latest and most deadly addition to the pack. Then the seaplane became, all at once, exceedingly busy. Her observer leaned forward eagerly, his right hand holding to his eyes a powerful pair of binoculars, his left tap-tapping on the wirele's key.

"Fritz broke cover," he said. "Heading south. Look out for smoke bomb."

The senior destroyer detached herself from the pack, picked up her heels, and flew on the trail indicated by the eagle aloft. And the eagle, that there might be no missing the quarry, followed also, ever and anon dropping small smoke-bombs to mark where the U-boat had turned off his course. Presently the destroyer dashed up, and something long and sinister dropped from her stern. It sank into the depth—there followed a dull boom and an upheaval of a grey mound of water—and the Fritz, shaken badly by the depth charge, blundered on blindly. Another and another depth charge burst about him, and presently, sulky, he went to earth; while the destroyer and seaplane stood guard over him.

Came then four trawlers, in a hurry. At a flagged,

word they dropped overide their sweeps—wire hawyers of an incredible stoutness weighted in the centre—and steamed towards the U-boat from the corners of a quadrangle, their movements directed by the eyes in the air. Their wires caught under Fritz's bow and stern, and, with a deal of sea-awing, were at length persuaded to in inuate them elve fairly under his hull. Then, crossing each other's bows, the trawlers crossed their wires, holding the U-boat exactly as though they were going to hoist him to the surface.

"Ready," called the seaplane. "Thanks," replied the destroyer. "We'll give him a chance to surrender—if he doesn't."

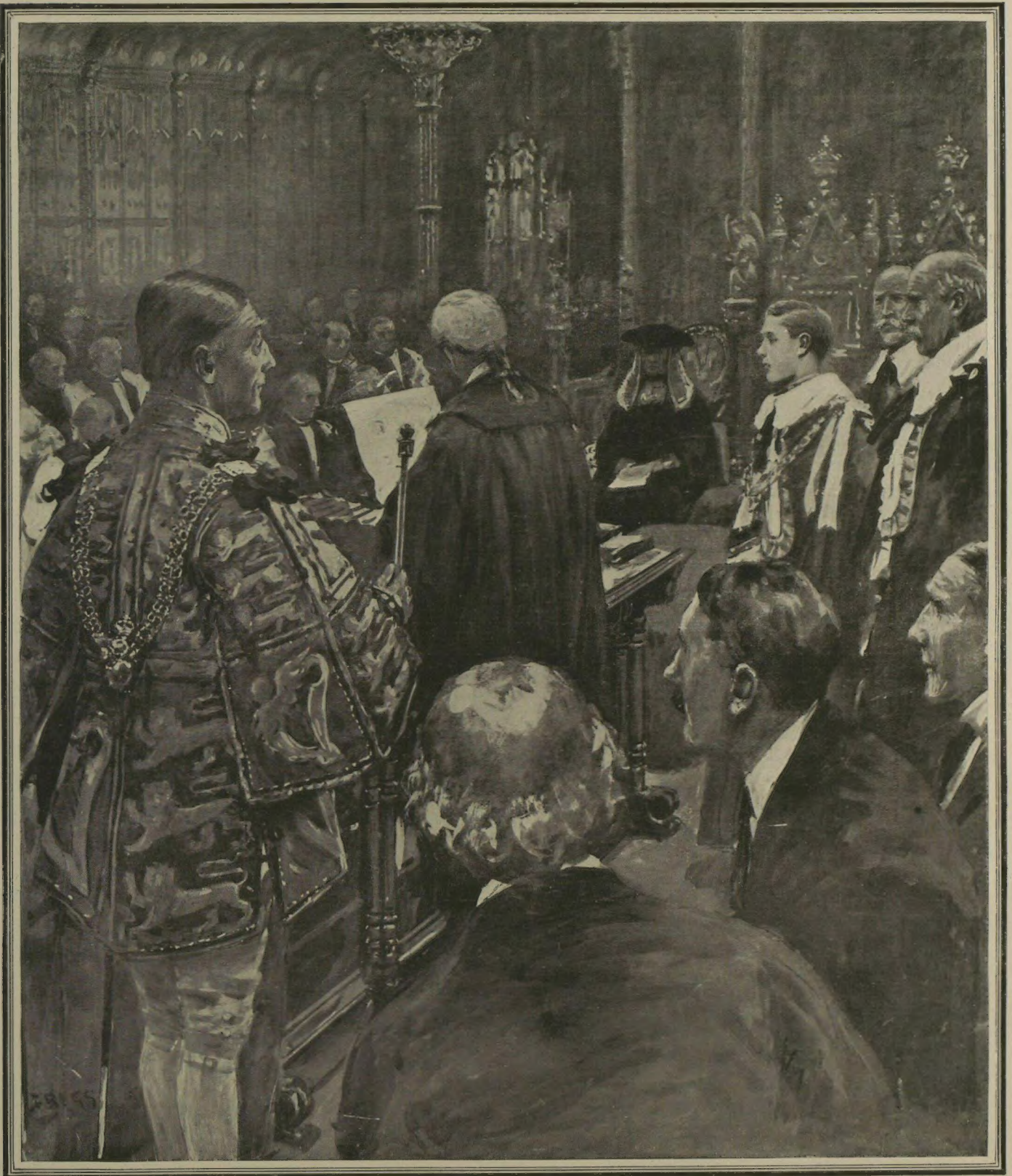
At last the pack got tired of waiting; the destroyer spoke again, and two of the trawlers clipped small red tins of high explosive to their now taut wires. These slid down till they touched the hull plating of the imprisoned Fritz—the seaplane spoke again, the destroyer answered. Two brawny, vengeful fists crashed down upon two firing-keys, two miniature explosions took place in the depth—and the hungry sea rushed in through a pair of huge holes blown in the U-boat's plates.

And, even as the seaplane's observer, the destroyer's commander, and the trawlers' skippers entered into their logs the time and certain other details, a pool of oil rose to the sea surface, and, spreading itself on the tide, left dark stains upon the hulls of the five surface craft.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE LORDS: H.R.H. TAKES HIS SEAT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. S. REGG.

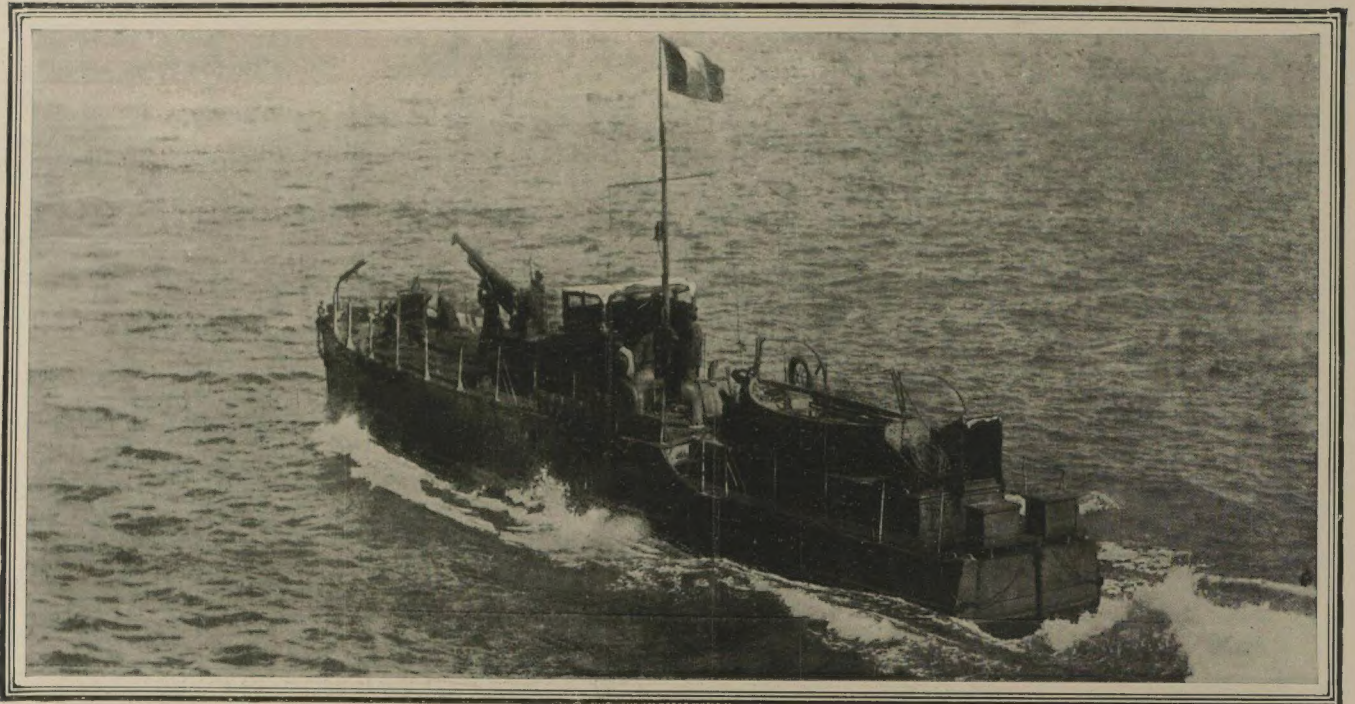


WITH THE DUKES OF BEAUFORT AND SOMERSET AS HIS SUPPORTERS: THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKING HIS SEAT
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS—THE READING OF THE PATENT AND THE WRIT OF SUMMONS.

The Prince of Wales took his seat in the House of Lords at 4.15 p.m. on February 19, immediately after prayers, the Duke of Beaufort and the Duke of Somerset acting as his supporters. Wearing his Parliamentary robes, and the Collar of the Order of the Garter, he was introduced into the House by a procession of State officials, headed by the Deputy Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Capt. T. D. Butler. Then followed Garter Principal King of Arms, Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty (carrying the Patent), a picturesque figure, seen on the left in our illustration. Next came Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Marquess of Crewe, the Deputy Earl Marshal (Lieut.-Col. Lord Edmund Talbot), the Lord Great Chamberlain (the

Marquess of Lincolnshire), the Lord Privy Seal (the Earl of Crawford), and the Lord President of the Council (Earl Curzon). The Hon. Sir Sidney Greville bore the Prince's Coronet; and his Royal Highness, carrying his Writ of Summons, entered between his supporters, the Duke of Beaufort and the Duke of Somerset, with Lord Caud Nigel Hamilton in attendance. After the Writ and Patent had been handed to the Lord Chancellor (Lord Finlay), seated on the Wool'sack, they were read by the Clerk of the Parliament. The Prince then took the Oath and subscribed the Declaration, whereupon he was conducted to his chair on the right hand of the Throne.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The German Submarine Menace: One Means of Meeting It.



FAST, HANDY, EXCELLENT SEA-BOATS, AND ARMED WITH THE FAMOUS 75-MM. QUICK-FIRER: A FRENCH MOTOR-PATROL VEDETTE OUT U-BOAT HUNTING.

The motor patrol-boat service came into the war under stress of the U-boat menace. During the earlier operations at sea auxiliary motor-boats proved so promising for hunting U-boats that 500-odd were ordered from American shipyards. All the Allied Navies now

possess such craft. The French 20-knot motor vedette-boat shown carries one of the celebrated 75-mm. guns. It is matter for congratulation that in the case of the U-boat menace the threatened, and to some extent active evil has virtually brought its own antidote.

The Prosecution of Colonel Repington and the "Morning Post": At Bow Street.



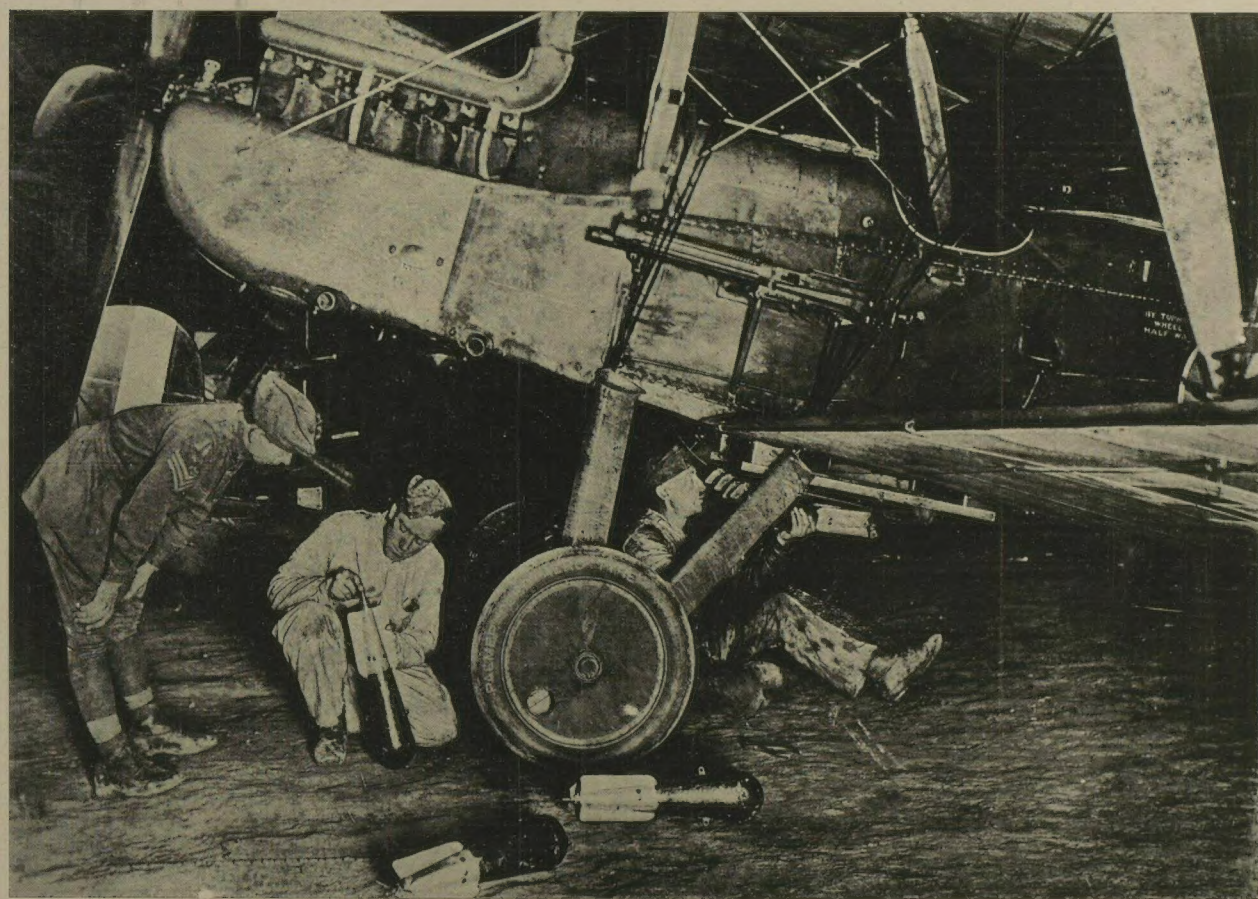
LEAVING BOW STREET POLICE COURT: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MRS. REPINGTON; LADY BATHURST (BEHIND); COLONEL REPINGTON; MR. H. A. GWYNNE (BEHIND); AND MRS. GWYNNE.

Lieut.-Colonel Charles à-Court Repington, Military Correspondent of the "Morning Post," and the Editor, Mr. Howell Arthur Gwynne, appeared at Bow Street Police Court on February 16, on two summonses charging them jointly with contravening the Defence of the Realm Regulations. The case related to an article by Colonel Repington in the "Morning Post" of February 11, on the recent Allied Council at Versailles. The case

for the prosecution was concluded, and the proceedings were adjourned until February 21. Lady Bathurst, seen in our photograph behind and between Colonel and Mrs. Repington, has been proprietor of the "Morning Post" since the death of her father, the late Lord Glensesk, formerly Sir Algernon Borthwick. She married Earl Bathurst in 1893.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

AIR WARFARE: A CAPTURED GOTHA; FIXING AN AEROPLANE'S BOMBS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL CAPPELLE AND AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL.



1. BROUGHT DOWN DURING AN AIR-RAID ON DUNKIRK: A CAMOUFLAGED GOTHA ON VIEW BEFORE THE STATUE OF JEAN BART.
2. PREPARING AN AEROPLANE FOR A BOMB-DROPPING EXPEDITION: ADJUSTING BOMB-FUSE MECHANISM AND FIXING BOMBS BELOW THE PILOT'S SEAT.

Dunkirk has been subjected to frequent air-raids and bombardments. One day not long ago, an afternoon bombardment by a German heavy gun was followed at night by three raiding attacks by German aeroplanes. These raids, however, cost the enemy two machines. One, a chaser aeroplane, was brought down by French airmen. The other, a large bomb-dropping Gotha, picturesquely painted with a camouflage design, was hit by the French anti-aircraft guns, and came down on the coast at Zuydcoote.

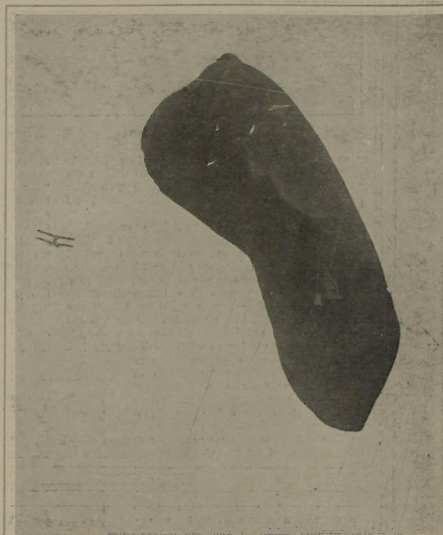
The crew of three German airmen were made prisoners before they could set fire to their machine. It was placed on view in Dunkirk, as shown in the upper photograph.—The lower illustration shows bombs being got ready and fixed under the body of a bombing-plane previous to an airman's setting off on a raid. British airmen have been very active lately. On February 16, for instance, 24 German machines were accounted for by airmen and gunners, and over 5½ tons of bombs were dropped on various targets.

"THAT DESPERATE SPRING INTO THE VAST GREY VAPOURY NOTHINGNESS": PARACHUTE DESCENTS FROM KITE-BALLOONS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



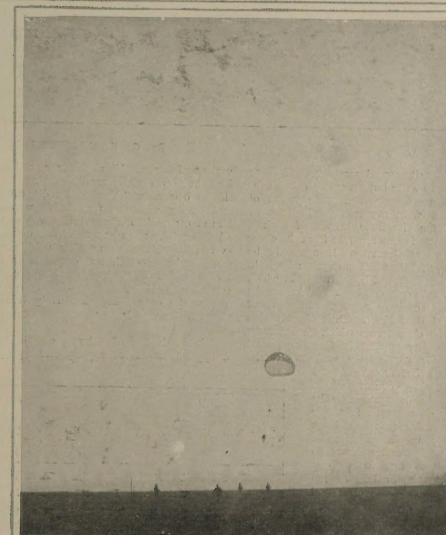
GOING UP: AN OBSERVATION-BALLOON ABOUT TO ASCEND TO WATCH ENEMY MOVEMENTS.



AEROPLANE VERSUS KITE-BALLOON: A MACHINE FLYING ROUND A BALLOON BEFORE FIRING IT.



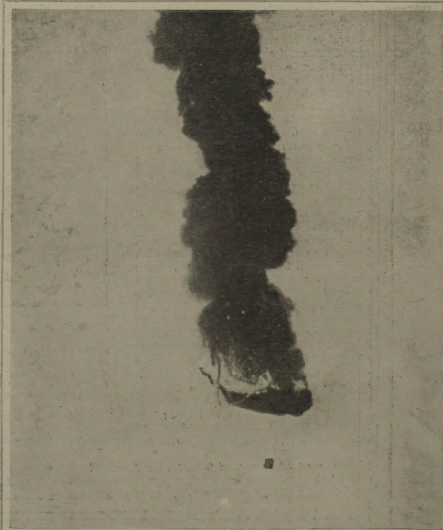
IN MID-AIR: A PARACHUTE DESCENT FROM ONE OF OUR OBSERVATION-BALLOONS AT THE FRONT.



WITH THE KITE-BALLOON IN THIS CASE INTACT: AN OBSERVATION OFFICER DESCENDING BY PARACHUTE AT THE FRONT.



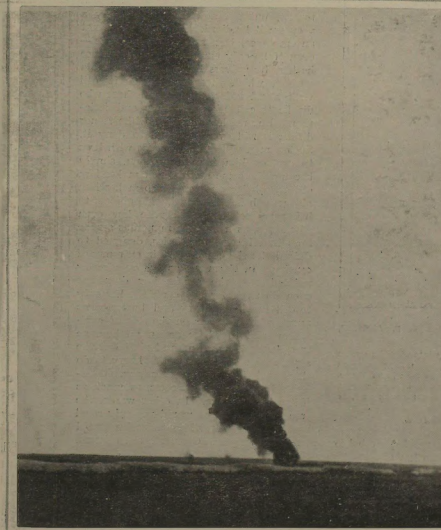
AFTER A PARACHUTE DESCENT: REMOVING THE OBSERVER'S HARNESS



WITH A COLUMN OF BLACK SMOKE ASCENDING: A LATER STAGE OF A BURNING KITE-BALLOON'S FALL.



AFTER BEING FIRED: A KITE-BALLOON FALLING TO EARTH IN FLAMES.



AFTER FALLING TO EARTH: THE REMAINS OF A BURNING OBSERVATION-BALLOON ON THE GROUND—A DISTANT VIEW.



BURNING ITSELF OUT ON THE GROUND: A CLOSER VIEW OF A FALLEN BALLOON.



REMAINS OF A FALLEN BALLOON BURNING: THE LAST STAGE.

These photographs show clearly the successive stages in the destruction of a kite-balloon by aeroplane, the descent of the occupants by parachute, and the fall of the burning balloon. Occasionally the parachute has to be used even when the balloon is not on fire, as, for instance, when the ropes attaching it to the ground are severed and it begins to drift away into space. Such an occasion was described recently by an eye-witness writing in the "Daily Mail": "Quickly the balloon disappeared into the clouds, thousands of feet up. From the point where it vanished we presently saw first one small speck, then another, come dropping from the clouds. For some 200 ft. they fell like dead weights; then parachutes opened and the specks, now revealed as men, were steaded in their earthward course, floating rapidly but safely to the ground. . . . After the balloon got free they had destroyed their

papers and instruments, then clambered over the side of the basket and leaped for life into the great void beneath them, trusting to the gods who protect aviators to ensure that their parachutes strapped around their waists would open when they should. Visualise . . . that desperate spring into the vast grey vapoury nothingness beneath the balloon . . . the tense strain of the stone-like drop through 200 ft. before the parachute opened, and then the anxious mental query right through the later stages of the descent: 'What shall I light upon?' . . . In this instance the men made a safe landing. They came down, cat-like, on all fours and appeared little the worse. . . . But one can quite understand, after seeing the feat performed, why it is that observers, when they have had to jump from a balloon, are considered to need a short period of rest."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ON the Bolsheviks, it seemed recently as if there were nothing to write but an epitaph, but subsequent reports have suggested a prolongation of their career. There is, in my own particular case, reason for distrusting the little known of such a clique—a reason in itself quite separate from the cause of the Alliance against Germany. It can only be expressed by saying that the talk struck me as bookish. It was even that worst sort of bookish talk in which the hearer feels there is only one book, and knows the name of the book. The very language of Lenin and Trotsky was full of Karl Marx. Their classification dealt only with the class terms which that narrow but acute German Jew applied to Germany; and which do not apply particularly well to Russia. Everything in Russia that Trotsky did not like was bourgeois—in a country where there is hardly any bourgeoisie. The peasant proprietor does not fit in neatly with the Marxian scheme, so he did not figure very largely in the Maximalist speeches, though he figures by thousands in most of the European countries about which the speeches were made. At the best, such divisions are curiously crude and external. It is as if a man were to say that England must be divided into upper, middle, and lower classes, because there was a first, second, and third class on the railways. In a way at once much more vague and more vital, it might be said that English society has three classes, though I think it would certainly be truer to say that it has four—and possibly truer still to say that it has forty. But a man who came to his conclusion by counting railway carriages would be rather wide of the mark. He would be surprised, or perhaps incredulous, at finding a gentleman in a third-class carriage; but he would find a good many.

Now, there is one trick of thought which betrays most bookish thinkers of this type. Briefly, I may call it the trick of giving parallels without proportions. In the most obvious case, the Marxian appeals to the proletarians of all lands, because there are proletarians in all lands. He seems to think that this means that all lands are proletarian. As a matter of fact, of course, he might just as well say that, because there are hills in all lands, all lands are equally hilly. Most internationalist philosophy depends simply on two fallacies—first, calling every generalisation about a nation narrow; and then applying that same narrow generalisation to all the nations of the earth. If we say "Italians eat macaroni," we do not usually mean that no Englishmen have ever eaten any macaroni. We mean that more Italians eat more macaroni; we state a fact of proportion. But if we spread our arms out to the ends of the earth, in a universalist ecstasy, and cry "All men eat macaroni," we shall be wrong again. Some men eat none, others little; and there is ultimately a quite solid and simple sense in which those who have this particular practice are the Italians. Now, it would be possible to make a macaroni map, so to speak, as one makes a railway map, tracing the curves and filaments of that comestible into the remotest corners of the earth, noting the date at which a traveller had carried macaroni across the Atlantic to New York, or saying that macaroni had been "seen" by a wandering fisherman in the Hebrides. Some professor of the Prussian type could be trusted to lead the learned a dance in the matter. He might explain the adventure of the Hebridean fisher by saying that the very word "macaroni" was obviously the name of a Highland clan, the descendants of the prehistoric Celtic chief Aroni—possibly a

variant of Aaron. He might urge an American origin for it in New York, learnedly quoting the little-known rhyme beginning "Yankee Doodle came to town" and ending with the remarkable words "And call him macaroni." But convincing, or even crushing, as all this might seem at first sight, most of us would eventually return to another opinion. We should continue to assert that macaroni is an Italian name for an Italian thing, though a thing no longer entirely confined to Italy. And, oddly enough, macaroni is not the only thing that Italy has thus spread through the world.

The method of what I may call the macaroni map is applied, much too rapidly and rigidly, to all the

of a thing of such direct and deadly importance as Alsace-Lorraine. And I have seen it muddling and misleading political thinkers not only in Germany, but in England.

For instance, I have seen it gravely stated that it might be "reactionary" to give back Alsace to France, because there are more laws protecting sweated workmen in Germany than in France. The immediate answer is obvious and decisive enough. As the German law does not prevent the Alsatian workman from being carved with a large sabre in broad daylight in the streets of Zabern, the range of the protection is evidently a little restricted. It will, I think, be admitted by everybody that it would be more difficult to carve a French workman with a sabre in the streets of Rouen, if only because, in the absence of laws to protect him, it would probably occur to him to protect himself. Such is the vivacious and excitable instability of the Gallic temperament that he will not always stand still to be carved. But there is a bigger and broader, if less obvious, answer to the suggestion that France may have fewer laws specially designed to watch over the industrial worker. It is like saying that France had fewer laws than Old Virginia specially designed for the slave. The industrial worker is not the typical Frenchman—even the typical poor Frenchman. The most normal and natural citizen of France is the peasant. The peasant is not a tenant, but a landlord—if he is only a very small landlord. The peasant is not an employee, but rather an employer—even if he only employs himself. Hence he has, by universal admission, a certain quality, which those who value it call virility and independence, and those who dislike it call pig-headedness and isolation. But neither those who like it nor dislike it will ever be found to deny it. Such a man will often dispense with laws to protect him from oppression, simply because the same spirit which makes him object to being oppressed also makes him object to being protected. He objects to being subjected to a servile law even when it is, as have been numerous servile laws in all servile societies, designed to defend the slave from certain extremes of cruelty. In Germany, as I have already pointed out, the servile law does not even do that, for the capitalist has only to call in the military and bureaucratic agent, who is always on the side of capitalism, and to whose action no humane tradition sets any limits at all. But the servile laws are intended in theory to do this; and the French peasants would dislike this, if it were a success, as much as if it were a failure. In other words, the free man of France would not only rebel against German social tyrannies, but would rebel even more fiercely against German social reforms.



IN COMMAND OF THE LONDON AIR DEFENCES; MAJOR-GENERAL E. B. ASHMORE, C.M.G., M.V.O.

General Ashmore is an artillery officer, and a specialist in the kind of work to which his services have been specially allotted. Londoners, every time they hear the barrage-guns firing during an air-raid, may well rest satisfied that so capable and well-tried an expert has them in his charge. General Ashmore has held the command of the London Air Defences since December 1917. Incidentally it may be added that, "big" as his reputation is in regard to anti-aircraft work, he is equally well known as an airman.

From a Drawing by Francis Dodd, one of the Official British Artists.

provinces and problems of this motley and troubled earth. Men like the Bolsheviks, and men who have far less excuse than the Bolsheviks, are perpetually making classifications and combinations touching the democracies of all countries, and the governing classes of all countries, the imperialists of all nations, and the internationalists of all nations. There is no harm in saying that there is a resemblance, so long as we realise that there is also a difference—and that the difference is always one of proportion. If you proclaim freedom for factory hands everywhere, it will still be well to remember that rather more men are factory hands in Manchester than in Montenegro. This would seem a very simple truth; yet, by the neglect of it, nonsense is hourly being made of the whole great dispute which now divides the world. I have seen this simple fallacy confusing the discussion

France has in this debate a right to a certain central position, as the norm and type of the free nations. She is the one nation that has never been duped by the barbarian. Russia, Italy, England have all, at various times and for various very arguable or excusable reasons, allied themselves with the ambitions of Teutonism. The Frenchman alone has always seen Teutonism as the mere myth and madness we now all know it to be. Frenchmen furiously pitted against each other, with pen and sword, have been at one in seeing this; it is as clear to Clemenceau as it was to Déroutède. For the Frenchman is truly a free-thinker, and never more than when he is a believer; and this truth is the only thing that a thought really free can find

WAR ON "THE INNOCENTS": A LITTLE AIR-RAID VICTIM'S FUNERAL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CLAIR-GUYOT.









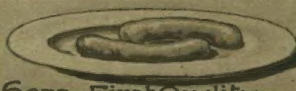





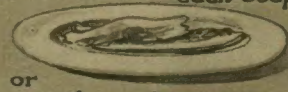







A PATHETIC SEQUEL TO A GERMAN AIR-RAID ON PARIS: A BROKEN-HEARTED SOLDIER FOLLOWING HIS DEAD CHILD TO THE GRAVE.

The inevitable sequel of the enemy's indiscriminate bombing of populous cities followed the recent German air-raid on Paris; that is, the killing of a number of women and children. It may be recalled that in the first official communiqué it was stated that the German aeroplanes "flew over Paris, chiefly on the right bank of the Seine, where, in a few moments, they dropped almost all their bombs, causing a fairly considerable number of casualties, especially among women and children." In a later announcement

issued a few days after the raid, the casualties were given as follows: Killed in the city—33 (including 11 women and 2 children); killed in the suburbs—16 (including 3 women and 3 children); injured in the city—134 (including 50 women and 10 children); injured in the suburbs—72 (including 38 women and 7 children). Thus, in all, 14 women and 5 children were killed, while 88 women and 17 children were injured, and the total casualties (men, women, and children killed or injured) were 255.

THE MEAT CARD ILLUSTRATED: RATIONS SHOWN PICTORIALLY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.

 <p>Meat</p> <p>Uncooked Butchers' Meat or Offal rationed by MONEY.</p> <p>5^d. is the VALUE for each Coupon.</p>		<p>Only 3 of the four weekly Coupons on the Rationing Card may be used for uncooked Butchers' Meat (including Pork) or Offal. These 3 Coupons when so used have a MONETARY VALUE of 1^s 3^d for each Adult.</p>  <p>1^s 3^d worth of Chops.</p>	
<p>Uncooked Birds</p> <p>rationed by WEIGHT.</p> <p>Any Bird uncooked without feathers, including Offal, 12^{ozs.} Without Offal, 9^{ozs.}</p>		<p>An uncooked Partridge, or its equivalent in weight, for each Coupon on an Adult Card.</p>  <p>9^{ozs.}</p>	
<p>Rabbits and Hares</p> <p>rationed by WEIGHT.</p> <p>Rabbit or Hare uncooked without skin, including Offal, 10^{ozs.} for each Coupon.</p>		<p>The Amount of uncooked Rabbit allowed for each Coupon on an Adult Card.</p>  <p>7¹/₂ ^{ozs.}</p> <p>Without Offal 7¹/₂ ^{ozs.}</p>	
<p>Uncooked Bacon or Ham rationed by Weight.</p>  <p>4 ^{ozs.} with the Bone, for each Coupon.</p>  <p>3 ^{ozs.} without Bone, for each Coupon.</p>		<p>Uncooked Sausages rationed by Weight.</p>  <p>6 ^{ozs.} First Quality, for each Coupon.</p>  <p>8 ^{ozs.} Second Quality for each Coupon.</p>	
<p>Beef</p>  <p>2¹/₂ ^{ozs.} without Bone for each Coupon, or 3¹/₂ ^{ozs.} with Bone.</p>		<p>Any Bird COOKED.</p>  <p>Allowance for each Coupon 6 ^{ozs.}</p>	
<p>Butchers' Meat (including Pork) or Offal, COOKED.</p> <p>Pork</p>  <p>Mutton</p> 		<p>Ham or Bacon COOKED without Bone 2¹/₂ ^{ozs.} for each Coupon, or with usual Bone 3 ^{ozs.}</p> 	
<p>Venison or Horseflesh, COOKED, with the usual Bone</p>  <p>3 ^{ozs.} without Bone for each Coupon, or 4 ^{ozs.} with Bone.</p>		<p>Preserved Sausages according to the estimated weight of the actual meat 4 ^{ozs.}</p> 	
<p>Hare or Rabbit, COOKED</p>  <p>5 ^{ozs.} for each Coupon</p> <p>(Cooked Leg of Rabbit, 5^{ozs.})</p>		<p>2¹/₂ ^{ozs.} according to the estimated weight of the actual meat, for each Coupon.</p> 	
		<p>Canned, Preserved & Potted Meats.</p> 	
		<p>Meat Pies, Cooked Sausages, Sandwiches, and similar articles.</p> 	
		<p>2¹/₂ ^{ozs.} according to the estimated weight of the actual meat, for each Coupon.</p> 	

BUTCHER'S MEAT AND OTHER FLESH FOOD: DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE WEEKLY QUANTITIES UNDER THE RATIONS.

The above diagrams represent the weekly quantities of butcher's meat and other forms of flesh food allowed to adults under the system of meat rations introduced by the Ministry of Food. It will be recalled that only three of the four weekly coupons on the rationing card may be used for butcher's meat. These will have a monetary value. Each of these three coupons will buy 5^d. worth of meat, representing, roughly, 15 oz. if the average price be taken at 1s. 4^d. a pound. The fourth coupon, which has a

weight value, will buy other meats (bacon, ham, poultry, game, rabbits, preserved, cooked, and prepared meats) equivalent to 5 oz. of butcher's meat. All the coupons may, if desired, be used for buying meat other than butcher's meat. Generally the ration means 1¹/₂ lb. of meat for each adult each week. Children will receive half an adult's ration. Reduced facsimiles of the meat cards for adults and children appear on our "Science Jottings" page.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE TORPEDOING OF THE TRANSPORT "ARAGON": LAST SCENES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



THE "ARAGON" HEELING OVER BEFORE THE FINAL PLUNGE: A RESCUING DESTROYER ALONGSIDE; SOLDIERS ON A LIFE-RAFT FROM THE SHIP.



THE END—AS THE HULL BLEW UP AND SANK: PATROL AND OTHER CRAFT; SHIP'S BOATS AND RAFTS WITH SURVIVORS.

These photographs of the sinking of the 'Aragon,' a liner on transport duty in the Mediterranean, have only just reached England. The occurrence has been officially notified to the public by instalments. On January 23, in Parliament, in reply to a question, Dr. Macnamara stated that "approximately 484 lives had been lost in a steamer sunk by enemy action in the Mediterranean at the end of the previous month." In another case, it was added, "the figures were approximately 224. Notification had been

delayed in order to apprise all the next of kin." On January 31, the Admiralty issued the following public statement: "The transport 'Aragon' (Captain Francis Bateman in command) was torpedoed and sunk in the Eastern Mediterranean on December 30. One of his Majesty's destroyers, while picking up survivors from the 'Aragon,' was herself torpedoed and sunk. The Mercantile Fleet-Auxiliary 'Osmanieh' (Lieut.-Commander D. R. Mason, R.N.R., in command) struck a mine and sank . . . on December 31."

"AN ACTION RESULTED": A GALLANT ACT BY BRITISH DESTROYERS, FIGHTING TWO TO ONE, IN THE NORTH SEA.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEAR, R.O.I., FROM

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



"PELLEW' AND 'PARTRIDGE' ENGAGING THE ENEMY WHILE THE CONVOY SCATTERED":

Our drawing illustrates the gallant defence put up by two British destroyers in charge of a convoy in the North Sea, against a raid by four German destroyers. Speaking in Parliament a few days later, the First Lord of the Admiralty (Sir Eric Geddes) said: "The circumstances of the attack, according to the information at present available, were as follows: H.M.S. 'Partridge' sighted four enemy destroyers at about 11.45 a.m. on December 12, and shortly afterwards an action resulted, 'Pellew' and 'Partridge' engaging the enemy while the convoy scattered in accordance with orders. Shortly after the engagement commenced, 'Pellew' observed that 'Partridge' had been heavily hit, and a little later saw an explosion on board, and

TWO BRITISH DESTROYERS PUT UP A PLUCKY DEFENCE AGAINST FOUR GERMAN SHIPS.

she sank. About this time 'Pellew' herself was holed on the water-line, and her engine-room filled with steam, her engines being partly disabled. She eventually was brought safely to this country. The enemy then apparently attacked the convoy. The six merchant vessels and four armed trawlers were sunk; 88 Scandinavians, and 10 British survivors were rescued by four destroyers from a cruiser squadron which was hastening to the scene. Other survivors reached Norway in boats. . . . A report from Kiel states that three officers and 21 men belonging to 'Partridge,' 11 men of the trawler 'Livingstone,' and one officer and 14 men of the trawler 'Tokio' have been brought there."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE NATIONS' AIRY NAVIES GRAPPLING IN THE CENTRAL BLUE": A MACHINE-GUN DUEL IN THE CLOUDS.



EXCHANGING MACHINE-GUN FIRE IN MID-AIR: A FIGHT BETWEEN A FRENCH "VOISIN" MACHINE (ON THE RIGHT) AND A GERMAN "AVIATIK."

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT.

ON THE DIFFICULTY OF CATCHING AIR-RAIDERS.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

SOME people are never happy, and would find cause for grumbling in a state of affairs which to others would resemble eternal beatitude. We used to describe the chronic grumbler, at one time, as "the kind of fellow who would grumble when he went to heaven because his halo didn't fit." In these days one might describe him as the kind of fellow who would grumble because air-raiders ever get home again. Consequently, one finds plenty of people who are

for immediate adoption, they receive a civil letter telling them that their proposal does not add anything to the information already in the hands of the authorities.

Now, when one comes to consider the catching of aerial raiders of London, one must remember that a raider can approach from any point of the compass and at any height between the ground and about 15,000 feet—or say, three miles. If, purely for the

purpose of argument, one takes the course of the famous "Aerial Derby" race, which used to be the great annual aeroplane sporting event before the war, as representing roughly the circuit of the London area—which is a fair assumption, considering that the course was designed to skirt as closely as possible round the actual residential or suburban portion of London—one finds that the distance round is just on 100 miles. Naturally, one does not say that this is actually the London Defence area—which may be bigger, and cannot possibly be smaller—but it will serve as an illustration. In such a case, a single raider has the chance of penetrating anywhere through what one might describe as a screen 100 miles long and 3 miles

high—back—which accounts for the fondness of the German raiders for coming in over the north-eastern side of London while the moon is fairly low towards the south. The German is a scientific and pains-taking beast, and would delight in working out such problems as the precise height and position of the moon at the moment when his raiders would arrive near London.

The only way in which a defender can see an enemy aeroplane with any ease is to get the enemy between himself and the moon, for then the other machine stands out as a clear silhouette against the moon itself or against the bright sky in its vicinity. Now, the gunner on the ground, like the man in the street—who ought not to be there on raid nights—can tell from the sound of the engines in the air fairly correctly the direction of an approaching aeroplane. So he can just follow round till he gets it between himself and the moon, and take action accordingly.

The searchlight crews can also tell, by listening, the direction and class of the approaching machine or machines, and so may, with skill, get their beam on to the visitor for the benefit of the neighbouring guns. In this case, one imagines, it is an advantage to pick the machine up in the searchlight beam on the dark side of the sky, so that the illuminated object may have a dark background. For obviously a machine turned into silver by the beam would not stand out very clearly against the silvery disc of the moon.

But the aeroplane pilots—who, despite all the difficulties, have, perhaps, done most to beat off attacks—have the most difficult job of all, because they cannot hear the enemy's approach. Even if one could produce an absolutely silent engine, the rush of air past the machine at over a hundred miles an hour, tearing past the pilot's ears, shrieking through the wires, and whistling round every projecting part of the body and wings, would set up such a din that it would be impossible to hear anything.

Therefore the pilot has to trust entirely to his eyes. He searches the sky in the direction of the moon. Wherever he sees a searchlight beam he looks into it for the sight of an enemy machine. And wherever he sees shells bursting he watches for a flash to illuminate



WITH OUR FLYING MEN IN PALESTINE: TESTING A GERMAN ALBATROSS SCOUT, WHICH WAS DRIVEN DOWN BY OUR MEN, BROUGHT IN AND REPAIRED, AND IS NOW BEING FLOWN BY US.
It will be noted that the "target" indicating that the machine belongs to the Allies has been painted on it.

dissatisfied because, when fifteen or twenty German aeroplanes cross the coast of England or reach the environs of Paris, most of them return to their own lines and only one or two are brought down.

To the ordinary rational being, defeat means the failure of something attempted. To the chronic grumbler, defeat means nothing less than the prevention of the attempt. Readers of this paper, being rational beings *ipso facto*, might reasonably argue that if twenty aeroplanes attack a place the size of London, if nineteen retire without penetrating the defences, and if only one gets through, the attempted raid has failed, and that therefore the raiders have been defeated. Even in the case of the recent raid on Paris only a few enemy aeroplanes actually reached the city itself, and so one might reasonably conclude that the raid was a failure.

Still, some people will insist on arguing that, because the raiders escape, therefore the defences have been defeated; so it may be well to provide more rational people with a few facts with which to keep up their side of the argument. At the moment, London is probably more in the world's eye as a target for raiders than is any other city; and it is admitted even by the Germans themselves that London is better defended than is any other city; so it seems well to take London as the basis of argument.

It is by now fairly well known that the defences of London consist primarily of guns, searchlights, and aeroplanes. The guns occupy fixed positions. Those positions may be changed from time to time, but for practical purposes they are fixed. Contrary to the popular belief, guns on motor-lorries do *not* go charging about the streets, pulling up to fire whenever they feel so disposed—at any rate not in these days, whatever may have been the custom early in the war, when little or nothing was known about anti-aircraft gunnery. The searchlights are likewise fixed. The aeroplanes patrol the sky over certain areas where they are most likely to meet enemy aircraft. If they do meet them, their further operations are a matter of fate.

There are, perhaps, other methods of defence as well; but of these it seems well not to write for the present, till the high authorities see fit to disclose their plans. One merely mentions the possibility of other defences, so that people who feel sure that they, and they alone, have invented the one and only way of stopping air-raids may not receive too much of a shock when, on submitting their epoch-making idea

high, or an area of 300 square miles set up vertically on end.

If one imagines this possible area of attack as a kind of huge net of 300 square miles hanging all round London, one is able to envisage to some extent the difficulty of making even a guess at whereabouts any particular raider is going to run into it. Supposing that there are twenty raiding machines, then each of them has 15 square miles of the net all to himself. And as an aeroplane, of the type used by the Germans, is only about thirty yards across, one may form some idea of the difficulty of catching it in an area of 15 square miles.

It is true that the raiders generally attack in groups, each machine of a group following more or less the same course; but there is no guarantee that any one group will come in from the same direction as any other group, therefore the whole 300 square miles has to be guarded. This in itself would be obviously a fairly big job in daylight, and at night it is naturally far more difficult.

Anyone can try for himself the difficulty of seeing any small object in moonlight, even of the brightest. If one stands with one's back to the moon on some hilltop, or at a high window, and looks out towards the dark side of the sky, one soon finds that objects are invisible at quite short range. This shows at once that, if the aeroplane pilot or the anti-aircraft gunner has the moon at his back and is looking to the dark side, an aeroplane may pass quite close to him without his seeing it.

Obviously, therefore, the object of the enemy is to keep the moon in front of him and the darkness at



WITH OUR FLYING MEN IN PALESTINE: REMAINS OF AEROPLANES CAPTURED IN GERMAN AERODROMES.

The machines were burned by the enemy before he abandoned them when he had to retreat in haste.

an enemy for a fraction of a second; for the chances are that where shells are bursting there is an enemy aeroplane not very far away. When once he catches sight of an enemy he does the best the moon will permit to keep him in sight.

And yet, all the time while he is searching diligently for his enemy, there may be two or three hostile aircraft only a hundred yards or so away from him on his blind side, carefully avoiding firing at him for fear of attracting his attention.

Nevertheless, when one considers all the difficulties, one is quite astonished that the defences ever catch the enemy machines at all; and it is eminently satisfactory that they should beat off attacks as they do.

BRITISH GUN-POWER ON THE WESTERN FRONT: RAIL-MOUNTED GIANTS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



PAINTED WITH A CAMOUFLAGE DESIGN: "ASSEMBLING" A BIG BRITISH GUN, NEWLY ARRIVED AT OUR FRONT IN FRANCE.



"TUNING UP" A BRITISH HEAVY GUN IN FRANCE: GETTING ALL THE MECHANISM INTO WORKING ORDER FOR ACTION.

In view of the expected German offensive on the Western Front, it is satisfactory to know that the British Artillery is very well supplied with guns of all calibres, and with unlimited quantities of ammunition—a state of things very different from that in the early period of the war, when our heroic troops, in spite of the deficiency in gun-power,

nevertheless succeeded in stopping the German rush. Thanks to the efforts of the munition-makers at home, our men will no longer have to fight at such disadvantage, whatever shock of attack they have to resist. The above photographs show typical examples of some of the heavier British guns, mounted on armoured railway-trucks.

A NIGHT ATTACK: CHARGING IN DARKNESS, LIGHTED UP BY GLARE OF BURSTING SHELL AND LIGHT-ROCKETS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



BRITISH TROOPS ON THE WESTERN FRONT ATTACKING IN THE DARK: AN ADVANCE

Years ago, the late Lord Wolseley gave it as his opinion that the battles of the future, owing to the formidable nature of modern arms of precision, in particular the then new inventions of the Maxim and of magazine rifles, would mostly have to be fought at night, under cover of darkness. Events in the present war have not justified the prophecy of the distinguished Field-Marshal, owing to circumstances that he could not have foreseen. The deadliness and destructiveness and range of war machines brought into use since Lord Wolseley's day, have, since the words were spoken, increased a thousand-fold, and have altered battlefield conditions entirely. Night attacks do, however, take place, sometimes in force on a serious scale; in addition

TO STORM AN ENEMY TRENCH-LINE (SHOWN BY FIRE-FLASHES IN THE BACKGROUND).

to the continuous series of raiding along the trench-lines, night after night, to fetch in prisoners from whom the Intelligence Department may learn much. As shown, the ground on which the action depicted above is taking place is a tumbled mass of chalk, clumped-up sand-bags, and fragments of wire entanglements, the result of shell-fire, with, here and there, a few weed patches. The flashes of machine-gun fire and rifle fire from trenches in advance of the attacking troops are visible in the darkness amid the tree-stumps. The conditions under which the action is being fought add to the picturesqueness of the scene, but they also add appreciably to its tragic possibilities for all concerned in it.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GERMAN SACRILEGE: A CRUCIFIX USED AS OBSERVATION POST.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



ON A PAR WITH THE DESECRATION OF CHURCHES AND THE RANSACKING OF TOMBS: A GERMAN OBSERVATION PLATFORM BUILT UPON A CRUCIFIX.

The Kaiser is fond of invoking Heaven as his Ally, and this drawing shows an instance of the practical use which his Army makes of sacred symbols, doubtless with the idea of paying Heaven a compliment by affording opportunity to assist their cause. The chair seen on the platform was taken from a neighbouring church, while suspended

on the right are telephone wires leading into a deep dug-out. When they had to abandon the post, the enemy sawed half through the rungs of the ladder shown on the left. After what has occurred in this war, such treatment of a Calvary by the Germans is no longer a matter of surprise.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PELMANISM.

"The Little Grey Books."

No books have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches; sailors con them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students declare them to be an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained: "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote TRUTH'S telling phrase.

If you do not know the "little grey books," if you are not a Pelmanist, you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-General.

A General writes from France: "The importance of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalised."

Many clerks, shop assistants and salesmen tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students (including men and women of all occupations in life) show that less than one per cent.—not one in a hundred—failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of half an hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true; but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success. That is to say, a means of increasing efficiency and developing "braininess" to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in "getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment I ever made!"

Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

TRUTH has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business, profession, or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

Army and Navy officers are very "keen on Pelman"; 48 Generals, 10 Admirals, and over 6,000 other officers are studying the course, as well as thousands of rank and file. A large number of readers of *The Illustrated London News* and other leading journals have taken it, and have already profited by it in income and position.

The directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable the readers of *The Illustrated London News* to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay.

To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard to the address below.

INTERESTING LETTERS.

From a Director.

I consider the PELMAN Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course.

From a Clerk.

Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousandfold better memory. If only the public knew your Course I am sure your office would be literally besieged by prospective students.

From a Works Manager.

Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business.

From a Bank Cashier.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the PELMAN System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained.

From a Textile Buyer.

From my own experience I would strongly recommend the PELMAN Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping.

From a Coach Builder.

It is a pleasure to me to express my appreciation of the PELMAN System. My powers of observation and concentration have increased so enormously that it seems scarcely possible for such improvements to have taken place in so short a time. There seems to me no limit to the possibilities of the System.

IMMEDIATE BENEFIT.

"Benefit," says "Truth," "is derived from the very first, and this is the general experience of the vast majority of the students. Almost before they are aware of it the brain is being set methodically to work on the lines which will bring out its full capacity."

OVER 250,000 MEN AND WOMEN.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow. It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

A full description of the Pelman Course, with a complete synopsis of the lessons, is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of *The Illustrated London News* who send a postcard to The Pelman Institute, 53, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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Yours sincerely, Engr. Sub-Lt. R.N.R.

P.S.—You are at liberty to make whatever use of this letter you may wish.

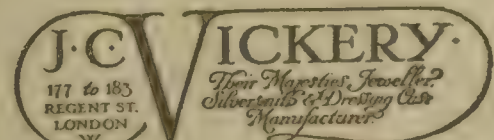
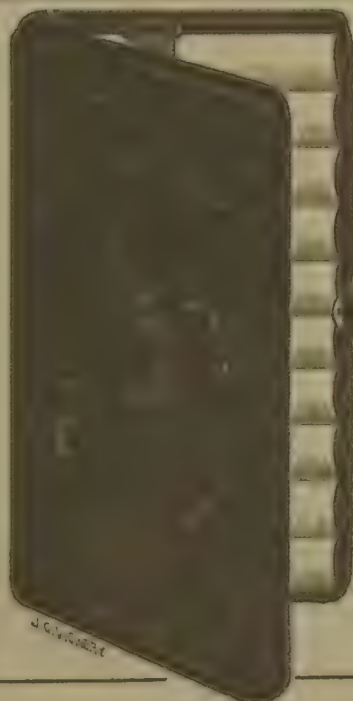
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LITERATURE.

Word-Pictures of the Great War.

The very magnitude of the war which is rending the world lends special value to accounts of the thousand-and-one details which mean so much to the great public and interest them more than technical descriptions of strategy or tactics because of their very "humanness." It is just this "humanness" which makes "My Round of the War," by Basil Clarke (Heinemann), of interest to those to whom "deploying troops," or "straightening a salient" means little or nothing. Mr. Clarke's book will, therefore, be read with much of that feeling of personal interest associated with letters from sons or brothers, husbands or lovers, at the front, which stir the blood, make the heart beat faster and bring tears to the eyes. But the pages are not chiefly sad. Many amusing stories of people met during the author's exciting time in the war-area, many quaint and vivid sketches of character, will make wide appeal. The author tells us first of the boats from Ostend arriving at Folkestone in the very early days of the war. "Every craft was chock full both above decks and below with huddled Belgian humanity, fleeing from the oncoming Germans. . . . None of them had luggage, few of them food or money. . . . All were worn and haggard; sick with the sea and with fear." Then follow many vivid and often heart-breaking pictures of the early days of the author's journey towards Belgium against stream all the way, "a stream of outcast humanity." Here, again, the human note is emphasised, and so is it with all the three hundred pages of the book; but the tragic side is relieved by many word-pictures of people and experiences. We get, too, glimpses of the battles in defence of Calais and the coast, the Yser and Ypres, where, "heroes to a man, the Allies fought—and died. But they did not yield." Mr. Basil Clarke has many stories to tell from Flanders and other war-areas, and among the interesting details are a brief reference to other journalists met on the Somme; stories of Bucharest, the "Pocket Paris," and "city of powder-puffs and plots"; and to men and happenings which relieve the greyness and horror of the world-tragedy with which the book is primarily concerned.

"Limits of Pure Democracy."

"They will judge and feel differently, not because their intellects are unequal, but because their temperaments and prepossessions are diverse." So says Mr. Mallock in his "Limits of Pure Democracy" (Chapman and Hall), dealing with the attitude of men towards the political questions that are temperamental. He is pointing out that democracy, as the dominant governing principle in a world state, is more or less a myth, and proceeds in a series of fascinating

mental in small states tend to become composite in large ones, demanding for their wise solution the biggest brains and the most acute intellects, not the haphazard guess-work of the untrained or half-trained. The talents and the energies of the few have ruled, do rule, and will continue to rule, the world; and in great Empires democracy may be flattered, befooled, given the shadow of authority, but it can never have and hold the substance. It may discard one set of super-men, but another set must

replace the first. "The crowd at Epsom," says Mr. Mallock with quiet sarcasm, "is competent to acclaim the Derby winner when it has won." And again: "With regard to composite questions, the pure will of the many, unless it is unified by the formative influence of the few, is neither a foolish nor a wise will. It is a will which does not exist." "Wherever the orator begins, pure democracy ends," is another of the many inevitable conclusions to which the author is led by the sheer logic of facts. It is impossible within a modest space-limit to examine Mr. Mallock's work in detail, or even to criticise the passages in which he travels a little beyond his brief. At the same time, one may suggest on behalf of democracy that its general tendency, even in the great state, would be to keep the most important political questions simple rather than allow them to become complex. To the oligarchy the question of peace and war, for example, may be a very complicated issue; for a series of great states conducted on democratic lines, peace would be the first desideratum. If the Social Democrats had governed Germany in 1914, the murder of Serajevo would not have provided good and sufficient grounds for reducing Europe to its present condition. Democracy can surely

outline the principles of government in the pursuit of the greatest good of the greatest number. It can then employ its supermen to carry out the work. That the brainless and incapable, or a large section of them, will always be jealous of the brilliant minority is, of course, inevitable; but no form of government will cure this unfortunate and universal failing. Be this as it may, Socialism will be all the saner for the rather bitter tonic that Mr. Mallock has administered.



WATCHING THE ENEMY: A LOOK-OUT PARTY IN A SAP IN NO MAN'S LAND, ON THE WESTERN FRONT.
It will be noted that the trench-periscope is covered with sack to disguise it.—[Official Photograph.]

chapters to suggest that democracy can only be effective in small communities, and that in large ones it must tend to become oligarchic. It is a daring book that Mr. Mallock has given us; he demolishes very many idols, cuts down a large number of groves, and puts those who worshipped in a difficult position. Nothing more incisive, nothing that cuts with sharper edge at the root of popular fallacies has been written for many a long day. He shows us by striking examples how questions that may be called funda-

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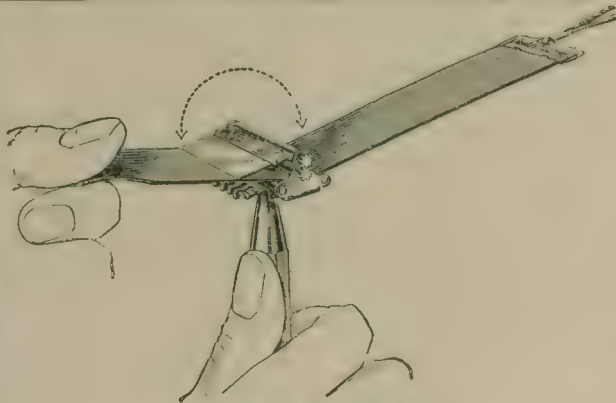
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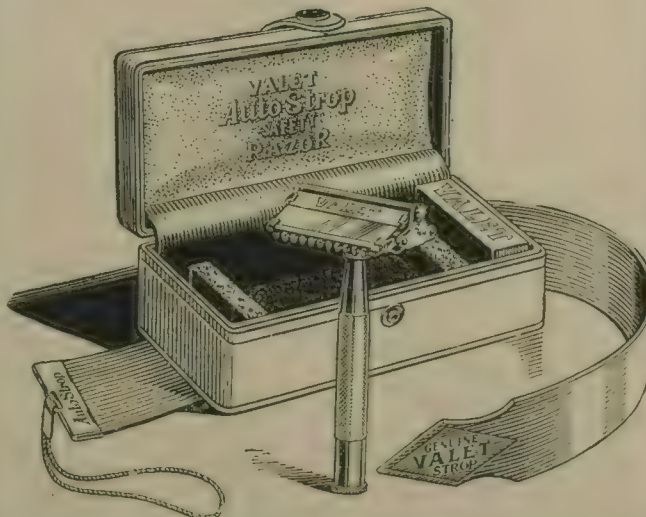
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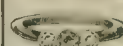
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NEW NOVELS.

"The Sheep Path."

"The Sheep Path" (Westall) is a novel with a theory to propound. Women are the sheep, who follow the path of obscure matrimony, led into it by desire for a mate, or for children, or for a home. The author, Mr. Westall, who liked soft living and had charms with a marketable matrimonial value. Arethusa therefore stifled the yearning of youth, law, youth, and married Jonathan Jones, a middle-aged person who possessed £750 a year, which is wealth in clerical circles. The young man whom Arethusa would have preferred to marry—incomes being equal—had the unfortunate name of Ernold, Ernold Fraser; and wore nice new grey flannel trousers on his summer holiday. Ernold was told by Arethusa of Mr. Jones's fortune, and sought to add to his own salary by a little gambling flutter with one of his employer's clerks. The point here is that it was Arethusa's aversion to the sheep path that brought about Ernold's exile to Canada under a cloud, while she gambolled to France and foreign travel as Jonathan Jones's bride. Here it might be expected that she would make ducks and drakes of marriage and money alike; but Arethusa had been born suburban, and for the suburban woman to achieve a dashing sin is, we believe, a thing almost, if not quite, unknown. She turned out a fairly good wife, in spite of a brief encounter with an Italian nobleman, when embraces were exchanged in the moonlight. Jonathan Jones died conveniently, and she was united to Ernold, returned from exile and forgiven—nay, reinstated in the office as confidential clerk. By way of emphasis we are shown Arethusa's mother, who had trodden the sheep path dutifully from

the beginning, and borne an annual baby to her selfish and callous spouse. There must have been twenty in the family, as Arethusa was grown up when the last was an infant in arms. But the full horrors of this calculation



AUTHOR OF "THROUGH LAPLAND WITH SKIS AND REINDEER": MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER.

The King has graciously accepted a copy of Mr. Frank Hedges Butler's book (as above), which we recently reviewed. During the war ski have been much used by French and Italian Alpine troops. It was from the Lapps that ski-ing was learnt by the Swedes and Norwegians, and spread to practically all snow-clad countries. Mr. Hedges Butler has travelled in many lands. He founded the Royal Aero Club, and was the R.A.C.'s first treasurer.

are evaded by Mr. Harry Tighe. "The Sheep Path" will interest a good many people.

"The High Heart."

Feminine enthusiasm, and feminine prejudice, are apparent in "The High Heart" (Chapman and Hall), for all that Mr. Basil King is given as the name of the author. The heroine is obdurate and long-suffering in the cause of right; but she contrives to be curiously biased in her judgments, too. She

is tolerant beyond the ordinary to the offensive manners of T. Howard Brokenshire, an American multi-millionaire who behaves to her much as a Teutonic noble might behave to one of the lowly born, refusing to recognise her personality except as his daughter's servant, and ostentatiously forgetting that she possessed a name. On the other hand, she is fiercely and as we think, unfairly critical of the English. As a Canadian born, she unites all the faults of an insistent and self-seeking nation in their national character. Her experiences seem to have been unfortunate. That a well-bred English girl could be discovered in these days who did not know where Canada was, and called it "Canada," is, to say the least of it, unusual; and the belief expressed that the English intend to let Canada bear the burden of the war with the intent to repudiate their effort when peace comes, seems to us an unfortunate frame of mind with which to rally to the common flag. The fiction of England as the brutal tyrant, manufactured long since for Transatlantic political purposes, dies hard indeed if a Canadian writer, in the year of our Lord 1918, can be found to give it credence. Alix's ungenerous attitude towards the English is a blemish on a striking novel, full of interest on the psychological side, and written with an easy command of the pen of the ready writer.



Lieut.-Col. Hamilton Gault, D.S.O., who raised the regiment of Princess Patricia's Light Infantry in 1914, has sent a donation of £50 to the Veterans' Association. The money is to be used to complete the funds required for the dedication of a bedroom in the Veterans' Club to the memory of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the regiment who have fallen during the war.

DECORATED BY THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: LIEUT.-COL. D. GORDON BARNESLEY, M.C.

Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Barnesley, Gloucester Regiment, is the eldest son of Brig.-General Sir John Barnesley, of Edgbaston, Birmingham. His father and three brothers have all served in the war. One brother, Cap. T. K. Barnesley, Coldstream Guards, was killed last July.—[Photo, by Clara Cooper.]



A WELL-KNOWN SINGER AWARDED THE MILITARY CROSS: MR. TOPLISS GREEN. Mr. Topliss Green, the well-known baritone, is serving as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery. He has recently been awarded the Military Cross in the field, an honour on which all those who knew him in the musical world will heartily congratulate him.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

SIR A. PINEROS "SUBURBAN IDYLL" AT THE NEW.

It has always been a favourite idea with Sir Arthur Pincro to suggest that Bohemia in its lower walks may contain more kindness, warmer hearts, and even a higher sense of honour than such social circles as look down on it, perhaps, as vulgar. We had it broached in "Trelawny", he returned to it more or less in "The Mind the Paint Girl" and "Lettie"; we meet it once again as applied to circus performers over against "Suburbia" in his blend of farce and old-fashioned sentiment, "The Freaks." What he hints, as he brings his giant, midges, living skeleton, and india-rubber girl into contact with a middle-class household, which includes a clerk in the City, a slangy "flapper," and, above all, two sponging and prosily selfish dependents, seems to be this—are not average members of Society, proud of their normality, often enough the real freaks of Nature? The play is acted perfectly; Mr. Ben Webster putting life-blood and charm into the rôle of the living skeleton; Miss Laura Cowie's india-rubber girl conquering alike in passion and in Cockney cheekiness; Miss Isobel Elsom revealing new phases of talent; Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Helen Ferrers providing splendid telling portraits of the bores; and Miss Irene Rooke, as the freaks' meek hostess, helping the story all through with gracious and natural touches.

"THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY." AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Not even the consciousness that a raid must be in progress could damp the ardour last Saturday night at the Alhambra of either audience or performers: the latest chapter in the history of the Bing family ended as it began, triumphantly. For the patrons of the new revue, it was enough that Lucifer and his Emma were once more, and amid fresh

scenic surroundings, in association upon the stage, and that Mr. George Robey was again Lucifer, and Miss Violet Loraine, Emma. With Mr. Nat D. Ayer supplying melodies as tuneful and haunting as those of the early "Bing Boys" score, and a vivacious stage crowd at hand to fill



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A CANADIAN SIEGE-GUN BEING FIXED IN POSITION.—[Canadian War Records.]

the scene which made a sort of lightning tour through America, the rest could be left to the twin "stars"; and both of them twinkled to some purpose. Each of them can hold the stage alone. Mr. Robey's Lucifer, jostled by customs-house officials, confidence thieves, or angry restaurant waiters, burbling incoherently as a Red Indian brave, or firing off topical verses with pointed references to the Kaiser and our Premier, was a very fountain of mirth. Miss Loraine, as duchess or squaw, hailing New York in song, or joining in a Chinatown revel, carried her audience with her by sheer magnetism.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." AT THE SAVOY.

The idea which Gilbert used fantastically in "The Palace of Truth" has always been a favourite with farce-writers. In Mr. James Montgomery's piece now filling the bill at the Savoy we get an ingenious and characteristically American variant of the notion—full of bustle and hurry and glib slang, and given a tinge of speculative finance. Its hero, who has squandered money entrusted to him by his fiancée, bets the sum he has lost—ten thousand dollars—that he will speak "Nothing but the Truth" for twenty-four hours. So thorough is Robert Bennett in his disconcerting, and of course screamingly comic, adherence to veracity that he goes beyond his bond—not only tells the truth about stocks and shares, and defies all the traps laid for him by his stage comrades, but is unnecessarily candid about friends, creates trouble between a married pair, and, to his sweetheart's indignation, rakes up reminiscences of his long-past love-affairs. It is all capital, breakneck fun which keeps its audience bubbling over with laughter; and the earnest George Washington air of Mr. A. E. Matthews in the title-role, the burly humour of Mr. Charles Glenney as the hero's future father-in-law, and the piquancy of Mr. O. B. Clarence's sketch of a calculating parson, and a no less clever study of Miss Dorothy Minto's—not to mention the charm of Miss Renee Kelly—all make for happy entertainment.

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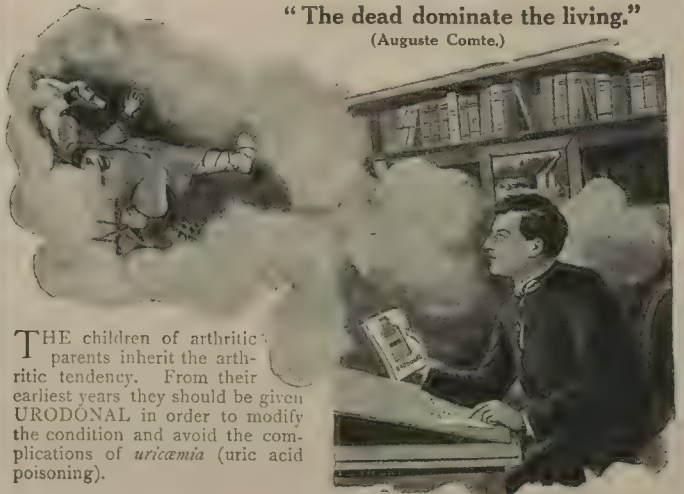
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LADIES' PAGE.

WEEK by week, almost day by day, a new record comes of the splendid courage of our British women. To the future historian it will be one of the most interesting points about the wonderful record of the mothers and sisters and sweethearts of the men who fought in the Great War. Here one day is the Scotland Yard Inspector at an inquest remarking on the coolness and good behaviour of the Englishwomen in raids, and stating that the police everywhere are agreed that any panic that ever comes from the aliens who crowd into the shelters—many of whom, he stated, are young men.

The next day, a passage is printed from a letter sent to his friends at Pontypool by Driver Bevan, who was on board the torpedoed *Aragon*. "We ought to be proud of our women! I did not see one girl give way," he says; and then he tells of how a nurse, exclaiming "I must help the Tommies," plunged overboard from the destroyer that had rescued the women and swam about "till she had saved about a dozen men." The soldier adds, with the pride of race that maybe is not popular with other nations but that has gone far to make us what we are in the world, "There is only one country that breeds such women!" Still, we must remember that to court needless danger is but foolhardy, and we should take shelter when possible from falling shrapnel.

An interesting exhibition of the work of the W.A.A.C. has been opened at Harrod's by Princess Arthur of Connaught. As usual, with exhibitions of women's work, however, the greater part of what is being done cannot be exhibited. Cooking, cleaning, motor-driving, and clerical work—the chief duties from which the women are relieving the soldiers in France under the organisation of the Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps—cannot be displayed. Odd tasks undertaken by women cannot be exhibited—for example, there are women police and girl "coast watchers." Nor can the work of the land-girls in England be displayed except in statistics and photographs, both of which give an impressive idea of all that our young women are now doing in food production. Skirts are conspicuous by their absence in the various "fashions for workers," yet the womanly figure gives a womanly look. One cannot but reflect how heavy a handicap would be taken off domestic workers, too, by wearing one of these costumes.

Food shortage will try many of our souls worse than bombs, because it prevents us from ministering properly to our families. No kitchen skill and no ingenuity in catering can make adequate



FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

A coat and skirt of grey striped suit, with a white cloth waistcoat, is both smart and practical in appearance.

food out of insufficient supplies. I see Dr. Hinhede's cheap *menus*, published by the Danish Government, often now referred to in newspapers. But those *menus*, as well as the usual vegetarian cookery-books, are quite useless for present circumstances. Denmark was a great butter-exporting country; therefore it had left over quantities of skimmed milk to dispose of at home at very low prices; and eggs were produced and marketed there by a great organisation, which made them abundant and cheap. Recipes like Dr. Hinhede's—which are based on freely flowing skim milk, on eggs at three-farthings each, and on margarine at eightpence per pound, with plenty of cheap wheaten flour and rye flour—are, unfortunately, of no use to us now. What we have—potatoes and other roots, green vegetables, dried peas and beans, oatmeal, the farinaceous foods, such as rice, sago, tapioca—suffice partially to "fill the vacuum," so far as feeling goes, but it is not possible to make them either nice and palatable or adequately nourishing without the use of fats, or milk, eggs, and wheaten flour. I know a number of recipes for making nice dishes from potatoes, but all need either frying in fat (and we know that margarine, even if we got enough, does not fry things properly), or mashing up with butter or with eggs, or coating with beaten egg and crumbs or flour. Still, we must do the best we can, and use all available flavourings, diversified as much as possible.

I strongly advise my sister housewives to put aside prejudice and try the family with garlic, without saying anything about it and without overdoing that strong flavour—a very tiny bit suffices. Here is a *ragout* of potatoes. Boil in their skins, not too soft, peel, and cut in moderate-sized chunks. Have ready a sauce, of milk if possible, but otherwise of water, made to the consistence of double cream with flour or cornflour; season, and stir in a bit of garlic the size of a pea crushed up to mash on a plate. Put potatoes in till hot again, and serve as a dish by itself. If the family say, "Ugh, how horrid!"—well, you must give it up; but very likely they'll love it.

Another dish is the same, without garlic, and the sauce—made rather thicker—spread over the sliced potatoes in a pie-dish, well sprinkled with grated cheese, and browned in the oven or under the gas-grill. A good variation of this is to omit the cheese, but flavour the sauce with dried thyme rubbed to powder, and sprinkle fresh finely chopped parsley over the surface after taking from the oven. *Potage Perigord*, a delicious soup, is made by boiling a clove or two of garlic and either fresh or tinned tomatoes together in water till the flavour is extracted, strain them out, and thicken the liquor with cornflour, allowing one beaten egg in the tureen for each pint.

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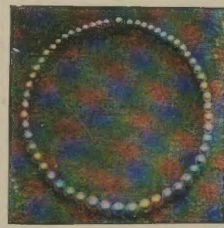
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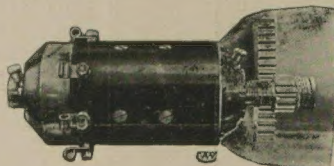
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The General Council of Motoring.

Since, a few months ago, it was announced that there was something more than a hope that motoring interests would be co-ordinated under a General Council of the representative bodies, people have been asking when the proposal was going to materialise into accomplished fact. It is now known that the project has, for the time being at least, come to nothing because of the refusal of the Automobile Association to enter into the scheme. No announcement of the reasons for its refusal has been made. On the contrary, Mr. Joynson Hicks, M.P., the chairman of the A.A., stated explicitly that he was not authorised to give reasons, and that in the meantime those reasons must remain the affair of the Association. So, on the face of it, a scheme which has everything to recommend it on grounds of policy has fallen down because of the abstention of the most numerically powerful of the representative bodies.

Naturally, there has been a great deal of criticism of the attitude of the A.A., which, I think, mainly arises out of the refusal to give its reasons for standing out. Those reasons may be excellent in themselves, but unless they are disclosed, it is impossible to pass judgment. I fully concede that any one of the motoring bodies has a perfect right to decline to enter into any working arrangement with the rest, for any or no reason. Nor, if it should think silence the best policy, is it compelled to state its objections publicly. But, as a matter of policy, I certainly do think the A.A. is very badly advised to say nothing and let

judgment go by default. The Executive should remember that the Association is not really a private affair. By its very constitution and nature, it is a public body, appealing to the suffrages of the motor-using public for its existence and support, so that it becomes due to that public that an explanation should be rendered of why it refuses to enter into an arrangement which, unless there is a nigger somewhere on the fence, seems to be exactly what we have all been waiting for these years past.



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is based on the opinion that the Association's existence is bound up in the representation of the private motor-owner, and that it cannot reconcile those interests with those of the trade. For my own part, I dissent from that view in certain essential directions. Everything seems to me to depend upon the constitution of the General Council, and its objects. We may take it, I think, that there are two aspects of automobilism which demand united action from those who are charged with representing its interests, whether those interests are those of the private motor-owner or the trade. Those two aspects may best be expressed in the terms of roads and legislation; and I contend that if we do not attempt to reach greater and unnecessary detail in the work of the proposed General Council, all those interests are mutual and completely identical. Of course, if anyone asks that such matters as the percentage of profit on petrol should be brought within the purview of the Council, with the object of arriving at a common agreement between buyer and seller, then I am altogether against the whole idea, because the two interests are diametrically opposed. On the one side we have the motor-owner, who quite legitimately wants to get his petrol at the lowest competitive price, and on the other, the trade, which, just as legitimately from its own point of view, wants to get the maximum of profit on its outlay. I have simply taken this case of petrol to illustrate how impossible it is to reconcile the commercial interests of the two sides of the motor movement. But it is, I submit, altogether different when we come to consider the general interests of the two, and it really ought not to be beyond the wit of man to devise a constitution of the General Council

which would bring everyone together in the interests of highway transport.

I do not think the A.A. can allow matters to remain as they are. It simply *must* say why it has refused to come in, or else it must be content to rest under the implication that its refusal is due to jealousy or to some other motive which is more obscure, but still unworthy.

Coal-Gas for Motor-Cars.

As there seem to be a number of car-users who are not clear as to the coal-gas position, it may be as well to note that the Petrol Control Department has decided to grant gas permits to all those whose cars were fitted with gas-holders before Jan. 3 last. These permits will entitle the holder to use his car within the terms of the Order. The permit does not impose any limit as to the quantity of gas to be used. Further, it is understood that the Department will offer no obstacle to the granting of permits for the use of gas-holders to car-owners who can put forward a good case for the use of their cars.—W. W.



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